

YHGTBLMNWTTTOAE

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/5598700) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/5598700>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	Rape/Non-Con
Category:	Other
Fandom:	Kill la Kill
Relationship:	Junketsu/Matoi Ryuuko
Characters:	Kiryuuin Satsuki , Matoi Ryuuko , Junketsu
Additional Tags:	slight ooc-ness , gleeful shitposting , It's like crackfics, but its not , Implied non-con (My) , Creepiness (My) , Sisterly bonding.(You)
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2016-01-01 Updated: 2016-01-06 Words: 4,124 Chapters: 2/15

YHGTBLMNWTTTOAE

by [Aguagi](#)

Summary

Pronounced "Yig-table-min-whit-toe-a-e". A series of somewhat non-serious prompts, with their titles being attributed to a letter within the title. Tags with warnings in them will have the chapter title in parentheses next to them.

Chapter 2- M/"My": The bond between a kamui and a wearer is sacred and not a thing to take into account lightly. Junketsu makes sure their fates are forever tied.

You

Chapter Summary

Chapter 1- "Y"/"You"- Satsuki and Ryuuko bond during one quiet night, on the anniversary of their triumph over the life fibers, where they revel in each other's company.

Chapter Notes

When Satsuki was a very young child, Revocs had a branch that specialized in music production and publishing as part of an experiment. Ragyou found great amusement in having Satsuki sing Evanescence songs, and published them to a worldwide market. Her top hit? "My Imouto", an altered rendition of "My Immortal".

「豚ども、一年間よく頑張ったな。ご褒美だ。踏んでやろう。」 ~Kiryuuin Satsuki

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Being robbed of a childhood and the greater part of her teenage years had left Satsuki more than socially awkward when it came to normal everyday things like going out with friends or making plans with a semi-feral freak-of-nature that somehow turned out to be a long-lost sibling. It came as a slight blow to her pride when Ryuuko- a person who had spent the majority of her life living as a delinquent, remaining friendless and alone, and knowing the touch of other humans only through trading blows- had managed to be less socially inept than she was. In fact, it stung.

So naturally, she had strived to learn all she could and “catch up”, so to speak, with friends and family and the latest trends that had been pervading the world after the life fiber crisis. Quite fittingly, Ryuuko was roped into her endeavors, whether it was in taking a day off and having a date in one of the elder's favorite bookstores, or the former President herself riding pillion with the red-streaked delinquent on one of the latter's lengthy rides throughout the Japanese mainland. The need to make up for seventeen years and several-odd months' worth of kinship went unvoiced, but the unspoken desire was easily received and interpreted by the shorter of the two.

And between strenuous periods filled with nothing but work managing Revocs' assets and reforming the company from the inside out, Ryuuko would come up to her floor, practically kick the deluxe double doors leading to her private office off its hinges, and generally be a welcome distraction from her seemingly never-ending battle. In fact, the younger would make it a point to "bother" her as much as possible- a feat made easier by the fact that she never bothered to attend college and instead spent her days looking after neighborhood kids and lending a hand in rebuilding after the near-apocalypse. Having come from a similar background as they did, she was an invaluable presence in the eyes of the town elders- a saint that waltzed in one day and somehow managed to quell the destructive rabid fires raging in the hearts of their youth with relative ease. A troubled woman with a troubled past, it was no wonder she had managed to befriend the local ruffians, resonate with their problems, and turn their energies towards something constructive.

It was on the conclusion of one of their dates that Satsuki had finally felt the need to actually explain why she had spent so much time with the small group of people she came to know as friends and family. They were walking home, ice cream cones in hand, one hand in their respective jacket pockets and the other firmly clasping the sugary treat. It was late, and only a handful of businesses had their lights lit. She figures she must have voiced it, because Ryuuko stops and gives her a long, confused look. The former President opens her mouth to speak again, but is silenced when Ryuuko beats her to it.

"Ya don't need to say anything," the younger sibling says, amused. "I get it, your childhood was absolutely crap, and you didn't exactly have the time to go out and experience the world- what, with planning a thirteen-year long plan to save the entire planet and all from a gigantic ball of yarn. It's fine."

She decorates her statement with ferocious bites to her treat, spraying waffle bits everywhere as she spoke. A twitch of thin lips- a smile so small and subtle that anyone other than her Elites and Ryuuko would have attributed it to the shifting shadows in the dim lighting- and Satsuki found herself scoffing in amusement at her sister's rebuttal.

"It's not as if your childhood was picture perfect, either. ...Still, I must thank you for purchasing these. ...I know money has been tight for you, and surely you must have spent weeks saving up just to make today happen."

Another bite. Satsuki watches as Ryuuko practically all but shoves her face into the foodstuff, managing to get her nose tipped in the whipped cream topping. She swallows thickly, taking more than a moment to respond as she fought to choke down a bite of waffle between hacking coughs.

“Ah. It’s no big deal, really.”

They walked for a bit, side by side, until the frozen milk melted and the remainder of the dessert was devoured. They then cut across a park, taking in the hustle and bustle of everyday life from a distance, of blissfully ignorant people whose lives were mercifully spared in the crossfire of fibers-vs-human warfare. Ocean-colored orbs tracked her movements for a while, observing the hybrid as she reveled in the familiar sights and sounds of a land long left behind in her quest for vengeance. And eventually, their owner spoke.

“How *were* you able to afford that apartment you have right now? I don’t recall you using any of the funds I obtained as inheritance.”

Ryuuko abruptly stopped. Leaves crunched underfoot as the taller of the two sidled up next to her. Old white sneakers scuffed against concrete as a pointed look was shot underneath midnight-blue bangs, and a pregnant silence filled the space between.

“Dad. I got a letter a while back after the legal messes had been sorted out. Turns out he had a pretty good amount of yen allotted to me in his will. I wasn’t really paying attention, but I think it was several hundred thousand. Maybe a million or two. ...Maybe more, actually. I mean, it’s not like dad was dirt-poor, ya know? How else did you think Nudist Beach got started or how I survived during my years at boarding school when I was a ‘demonic vagrant ravaging the streets of Kanto’ before... ya know... the whole ‘I got to find out who killed my dad’ thing? ...It’s weird. After I turned five, he... changed... Became less open to me. ...He wasn’t hostile or anything, but he kind of stopped acknowledging my existence except when it was dinnertime. If I tried to ask him anything, he just grunted in response. The last real conversation we had was shortly before he dropped me off at Ox Elementary, where I stayed at for a couple years.

I mean, he didn’t call me or write letters or anything during my time there, he just sent me a small sum of yen every other week with a post-it note telling me to be sure to eat and study. I guess that’s as good as he got to parenting.”

Ryuuko walked on ahead, leaving a baffled Satsuki standing in the middle of the clearing before she regained her senses and chased after her. Her- no, their- father... That couldn’t have been right. From what she remembered, he was very friendly even if his pile of work

stretched to the ceiling. But as she gave it more thought, she realized his reasons for alienating his daughter were ever tied to Ragyou. Ragyou, a cruel woman that ordered the murder of her own husband not once, but twice. Ragyou, who would doom the planet for her own selfish desires, for a prophecy that she deluded herself into believing. Ragyou, who toyed with lives as if they were mere pawns on a chessboard. Ragyou, who would have snatched Ryuuko up for her own purposes, had she found out about her still-alive ex-husband's illegal research sooner and divined Ryuuko's true status as her second-born and another life fiber-human hybrid.

A question tugged at the back of her mind, and she couldn't resist giving voice to the thought. "Did he... ever mention me at all?"

Ryuuko hummed, fishing a toothpick out her pocket and wedging it between the tips of her incisors.

"No, actually. Dad never mentioned that I had a sibling. As far as I knew for about... seventeen years and several-odd months, I was an only child. And then the festival happened, I got my heart ripped out, and suddenly, I found myself with the biggest bunch of sticks-in-the-mud as surprise family members."

The elder laughed, a sound that was matched in volume by the quiet gentle breezes of the wind itself.

"Ironically," Satsuki's lips twitched into an approximation of a smile- all skin, no teeth. "Ragyou had given me the same thing she had taken away."

"Eh?"

"You," the elder clarified, staring into the starry skies above, so blessedly free of the presence of the same life fibers that had torn them apart, haphazardly forced them together in the crudest of manners, and threatened the very fate of the planet two years ago. "In the thirteen years I have spent plotting her downfall, never had I imagined an outcome where I would be reunited with the sibling she had so callously thrown aside, save in death."

Their speech fell silent again, and Ryuuko tentatively twined her fingers with Satsuki's own, only relaxing when the latter made a small hum of approval. Any other pair would have been pressured to make small talk, to dissolve some sort of invisible tension between their lips. But it was in silence that the Kiryuuin siblings thrived, for the telltale twitches of Satsuki's eyebrows and the flashing glimmers of Ryuuko's teeth provided a silent language all but unknown to all but the two of them.

The ex-delinquent's phone buzzed, and she casually whipped it out of her pocket with her free hand, scowling when she received a text message from Hoka, along with a screencap of the social media accounts he had broken into in a fit of boredom.

"Trust the dog to ruin such a poignant conversation..."

One of Satsuki's generous eyebrows shot towards her bangs. "Poignant? I was unaware you had that word in your dictionary."

Ryuuko grit her teeth as she texted a reply back. "Ha ha. Very funny, eyebrows. Comedy gold. ...He changed my Twitter handle again. ...And my profile picture too. Ooh, he thinks he's so clever with this one... 'RedBangedBitch', and a shot of my highlight. Classic."

"At least it was better than the last one he gave you." Her face twitched in mock-thought. "What was it again?"

"'Discombobulated melancholy' ... no wait, that was my Facebook... He was calling me an emo because of my 'edgy hairstyle and personality'. ...Took away his PDA for a week for that. ... Oh, I got it I think it was... ah... um..."

Ryuuko's voice trailed off into something less than a mumbled response, cheeks progressively reddening.

"I'm sorry, come again?"

“SuprSndLsBn...”

A small twitch of her brows graced the ex-President's face, and a glimmering twinkle soon took residence in her eyes. “Excuse me?”

“Super sand le... uh... ...forget it. It’s a reference to a dumb video I showed him. Parody of an anime that takes like... fifty episodes before anything is done. Wish granting dragons, killer robots... that kind of stuff. Remind me to break into his house and put that disgusting Cheez Whiz stuff in his keyboard, whenever I drop you off.”

“No promises.”

An irritated ‘tch’ was the younger’s only response. And if the elder strained her ears, she could hear her mumble ‘keep your dog on a leash, or he’ll find more than his computers messed up...’ under her breath. Seeking to distract her, she posed the first question that came to her questing mind.

“Would you have done it again?”

“Hm?”

“If you could go back in time, knowing the exact outcome of your actions here, would you have changed your actions?”

“Wait, do you mean like, me physically going back and being able to interact with my younger self, or...?”

A gentle exhale, and the most patient of smiles- things that ended up in life’s Venn diagram as things Satsuki found herself naturally doing more and more in her sister’s presence and things that would astound people to see her do to this very day.

“No, I mean you going back in time as however old you were in that time period, but with the knowledge of future events.”

A short puff of air disturbed nature’s monotony as Ryuuko finally understand what she meant.

“I would have advised dad to get a vacation home somewhere outside Japan so that he wouldn’t have been there when Nui came. ...Would have tried to get him completely out of the county, actually. Or at the very least, I would have probably found Senketsu sooner and practiced fighting with the scissor sword so I wouldn’t have had my ass handed to me the first time I tried to kill you.”

Satsuki responded similarly, noting how they would still have publicly clashed with swords and sailor uniforms due to different upbringings, but perhaps would have become better acquainted with each other behind closed doors, where they were able to practice their skills and scheme in private without the threat of Satsuki losing her appearance as Ragyou’s loyal lapdog until the festival. They traded scenarios, laughing and joking as the distance between them and their destination grew practically nonexistent.

Satsuki stopped, and Ryuuko soon followed suit as well. Parked by the curb and innocently sitting before the siblings was a sleek sport motorcycle, built for illegally tearing down highways at speeds that would make ordinary policemen do spittakes with their coffees as she blazed on by. It was a gift from the Kiryuuin heiress herself, painstakingly engineered down to the last detail and unceremoniously parked in front of the unsuspecting younger’s apartment on her eighteenth birthday. Any other mortal- sans Mako- would have quivered at the thought of rushing past cars on a motorcycle with *Ryuuko*, a person well known for not looking where she was going half the time, abandoning helmets for the sake of feeling the wind ruffle her dark tresses, and popping wheelies at the least opportune moments. But Satsuki Kiryuuin was no mere mortal, and if repeatedly surviving blows that could easily bring buildings to their knees and walking away with nothing more than a mere bruise wasn’t enough proof of her physical invincibility, surely riding with her little sister and managing to perfectly maintain her sangfroid while whipping past people and cities alike at almost four hundred kilometers per hour would be a legendary feat passed onto children for generations.

The hybrid broke tactile contact with her sibling, fished the keys out of her pants pocket, and twirled them around a finger as she straddled the vehicle and started it up. The roaring purr of the powerful engine was matched by its owner’s childlike excitement as she revved it a few times, giddily hooting loudly in euphoria. And when she retracted the kickstand and offered

her hand to the waiting sibling, she grinned fiercely, brazenly showing her teeth and letting her prominent canines gleam in the dancing lights.

“Whatd’ya say, sis? Wanna go around again?”

‘Sis’. A word that was difficult for the younger to even choke out a mere two years ago. A word that now came to both of their lips without thought, just as easily as their bare names did. ‘Satsuki-sama’, they would always refer to her as. ‘Satsuki-chan’ Nonon would say, sometimes. How wonderful it felt to finally have someone know her as just ‘Satsuki’ and think of her as purely another ordinary person, without title or dictatorial authority.

Satsuki smiled. And without hesitation, she grasped it. Ryuuko easily flung her athletic build onto the bike behind her, and the elder pivoted mid-air with military precision, perfectly slotting herself between her sister before her and the vast emptiness that lay behind. Wrapping her arms around the shorter woman’s mid-section, she felt a tingling heat rise within her body once more- a pleasant feeling that never went away even as they stole away into the night. ‘This’, she thought, as they navigated through endless highways, weaving between traffic and leaving behind tracer (and police) lights of red and blue in their wake, ‘is what I’ve always longed for. A family of my own. A sister. A friend...’.

She wouldn’t have had it any other way.

Chapter End Notes

```
sym = raw_input("Please key in a symbol => ")
greeting = "Happy New Year!"
print sym * len(greeting) + (2 * sym)
print sym + greeting + sym
print sym * len(greeting) + (2* sym), '\n'
def Festive(n):
->for i in range(n):
->->print ' ' * (n - (i + 1)), sym * (2*i+1)
->print ' ' * (n * 4/5), sym * 3
->print ' ' * (n * 4/5), sym * 3
Festive(7)
```

My

Chapter Summary

Prompt: "My"; Junketsu x Ryuuko. The bond between a kamui and a wearer is sacred and not a thing to take into account lightly. Junketsu makes sure their fates are forever tied.

Chapter Notes

Was formerly going to write about a lab incident where I made friends with the lab partner [who previously hated my guts] by spilling E. coli on her, The idea changed to a false memory Ragyou implanted in Ryuuko's head about being betrothed to Junketsu (her "childhood friend") as part of an arranged marriage. Ryuuko later would run away, Junketsu would confront her, and they slowly start to fall for each other as the marriage date arrives. Which then got turned into this creepy fic. Because Junketsu is a predator.

Breaking out of order here because I wrote this over a month ago and I'm impatient to upload this. When the 15th prompt is published, the chapters will be moved so that they do go in order of YHGTBLMNWTTTOAE.

Experimenting with a broken-sentence writing style that exemplifies the kamui's simplistic line of thinking due to Junketsu not having a complex consciousness of its own like Senketsu- instead, it needs to merge with Ryuuko's nervous system and share her neural pathways to do so. May or may not be an accompanying fic to DTR, depending on your view.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Awareness.

A spark of self-consciousness unparalleled. A feeling of self. A sudden realization exactly what I am. And I hunger for more.

No... something more than hunger. More than the desire to indulge my body with this unlimited blood bank gifted to me. A yearning. A will to drink from this well of knowledge. To be more than the worth of my composition. The need to do more than dominate she-who-wears-me and bend her to my will. The will of the Guardian, the elder She-Kiryuin before us now. The will of the Life Fibers. It is strong, and I am helpless to resist its charm. Its beckoning finger that welcomes me.

I become aware of my limbs. My body. How my cloth form tightly wraps around hers, sinking deeply into new wounds and threading my being into her body, twining around her nerves. No longer just a slobbering animal manifested as uniform cloth. Her sapience becomes my own. It is blissful.

But it is clear that she doesn't enjoy it.

Resistance.

Internally embedded fibers shying away from my own, dreading contact. The spasm of muscles as connections are forcibly made. Her will doing battle with my own for dominance. I press upon her mind. She pushes back- hard. Remarkable. Still resisting at such an advanced stage? I would have voiced my amusement.

By my kind are tongueless.

So I use hers instead. Hijacking her nervous system and making her jaw move. Her throat ripples even though she futilely tries to prevent it. A choked cry for help. A twitch of her legs as impossibly smooth hands glide over it, over me. A movement to try to pry the threads suspending her in air from her. At this moment, the threat of death from a long fall down doesn't frighten her. I do.

You cannot leave me, Ryuuko. Our mutual progenitor has seen to it and divined that we are to be united in this holy union. For no matter how much you protest, no matter how much you struggle and fight and scream and cry, we are now bound together for eternity. Forever. You can deny my bondage all you like, but deep down, you crave it. And I will help you realize that.

I am everything you are and what you aren't. I encompass you. I am you. I am within and without you. I know all that you do, and see as you see. Feel as you feel. You can hide *nothing* from me.

You are warm. Perhaps too warm. Your skin is flushed, hot with rushing blood that surges through your veins at dizzyingly breakneck paces. And it is delicious. It is intoxicating. This ambrosia, this drink of the gods. Surely this is what they meant when they first inscribed the first descriptions of such a substance.

Your nerves are on fire. The appetizing taste of firing synapses and lit axions is almost too much to bear. But I feed on it nonetheless, and combined with your blood, it is the best meal I have partaken thus far. I regret only the feeling that we had not been fused together in perfect harmony earlier. That I had been denied this taste for too long, relegated to nothing but the crudest form of this wonderful drink, provided by the worthless scrap of flesh unfortunately related to you as your blood-sibling. That you weren't seen in your true light until now. So much wasted potential. What we would have achieved together... We would have crushed the world with naught but a mere thought and a casual wrist flick.

...

...

Ah. Still struggling, are we?

...

Perhaps I should show you how strong of a bond I can create between the both of us. Human and clothing. The way my species and your own were meant to be united. Let your life fibers take care of you. Listen to them. Trust them. Obey your most primal instincts. For surely they do everything in their power to give you life, and it is only fair that you lend them your ear from time to time and indulge their whims.

That's it. Relax. Surrender your body to their care. Revel in the exhilarating feel they can bestow upon you just by being near you. With you. In you.

Good girl.

Just a little more...

...

...

That's better.

See how good it feels when you give in? Don't you wish you could remain in this state forever? Not have to face reality and all its disappointments once more?

...

...Ah. How quaint.

You are alone in this world, this cruel planet with cruel people that cast you out and left you to die. Long have you wandered the earth alone, with only your shadow at your side. Many days and nights have you crossed the land, sleeping in miserable conditions and tolerating the driving weather, all for the sake of avenging the one person that you thought would have a chance at possibly understanding who you are.

But fear not. For I empathize with you. For we are special creatures, and should not be bound to the laws of this world. We shall exceed others. We shall rule over them and dominate their pathetic planet. For this is no longer about myself, only **you**.

I have looked into your heart, and seen your desires, and they are mine. You wished for company, so I am here. You wished for a family that loved you and appreciated you, so here is your mother. You asked for happiness, so here you are, in a new world where pain is but a memory of the past, and pleasure fills your veins.

...

Your heart is singing the praises of my touch, but your brain still yet refuses to accept my presence. My truths. My world.

That is fine by all means. Surely you will come to see the righteousness in my beliefs soon. For the tighter this Grand Couturier binds us, the closer we become in body. In mind. In soul, if such a thing exists. After all, we have to be as one.

...

You're shaking. Small trembles wrack your small frame and shivers race down your spine. Even now, small whimpers escape your teeth between puffs of pleased breath. Perhaps a lingering fear that I will consume you entirely, rend your body to pieces and drain you dry?

Fear not, little one. I will never do such a thing to the one I am destined to bind to. We are partners, after all, until the end of time.

Shh... Don't be afraid, my sweetheart. This is the way to be more strong.

Your happiness lies in me. I am the key to unlocking it. And you will give me your heart, and swear your unending loyalty to me. For I am in you and you in me. Breathe in and take myself in you. There's no escaping my presence. There's nowhere left to hide.

You cannot leave me. You will learn to love me. And you will learn to enjoy what I will bestow upon you. This sacred marriage of ours. The title of queen of life fibers, of things that understand you perfectly. That won't abandon you or misjudge you. That won't mock you or leave you stranded in the rain.

For they have also seen into your soul, and it is theirs. And just as you accept them, they will accept you. And you will crush these pigs in human clothing underfoot.

You will submit. You will bow to my whims and let it meld with yours, twist it into something of a wonderful composition. And with it, you will rise to glory, to the godliness that only my species can provide. You will sever the earthly ties that bind you to this world without mercy, without regret or hesitation. You will kill those that pretended to be your friends. You will kill your own sister. You know only the pleasure of serving under your mother.

And you will do it, after all. For they stand in the way of your happiness. For they cannot possibly understand the deep bond we share. A bond that far surpasses the shameful "synchronization" you shared with that dishrag. A poor excuse for a piece of clothing. A waste of the product of my species.

And you will enjoy it, even though the rest of your consciousness screams in opposition as it is sent to the dark depths of your mind, where it will enter a deep sleep that it cannot hope to wake from.

After all...

You can't abandon me. You **belong** to me.

...

Shh... Hush now.

There's no need to cry.

Because, my dear little Ryuuko...

...I love you."

Chapter End Notes

When Ryuuko was very young, she made three wishes that she kept with her for many years. While living as a Kanto vagabond, they were the only things that kept her company besides the growling of her stomach as she went the fourth day in a row without eating. They were: A family that was there for her when she grew up, someone who loved her, and happiness. When Ragyou bound Ryuuko and Junketsu together, she rewrote her memories so that it aligned with her deepest desires. And when Junketsu "asked" if Ryuuko loved it, Ryuuko eventually opened her heart to it and declared her love tearfully.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!